
Title: An Axer No More

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A Short Poem

The axe I owned was nice.

Born of Fire,
Cooled in Ice.

Only A Worthy
warrior could wield it,

But against a trained
soldier, the finest metal
could shield it.

Day in and Day out
you swing that axe.

A few chops and a
monster is stopped dead
in its tracks.

They say mastering
the ways of the
lumberjack,

Will put a tad more
power into your swing and
hack.

B.S. I say!
Accuracy, steady hands,
and a clear mind will pay
your wages.

Although I admit, It
helps when mowing down
mages.

Recently Maces have
gotten to me at last.

Breaking armor and
shields seems like such a
blast.

The Time comes
when the hacking and
axing becomes a chore.

So Farewell my Axe
I am an Axer no more.

-Bowley